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HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

(17 Jan 1-1885)

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT

No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural
ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Deeds, etc.

Campbell & Medley

DENTISTS.

Over Jones & Co's. Store,

Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.

Jan 2-1885

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you
make it tell a sweeter tale?
Magnolia Balm is the charm-
er that almost cheats the
looking-glass.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of
man and beast need a cooling
lotion. Mustang Liniment.

A burglar named Jas. Coffee was
captured by the use of the telephone,
while trying to get into the house of
W. N. Hallman, of the Courier-Journal.
He was discovered and the
police rung up in time to take him in.

THE FUNNY MAN'S BABY.

The funny man went to his desk to write.
He had waited all day, he would write all
night.
And finish his work, so he trimmed the
light.

In the room adjoining his baby lay.
And they said she was slowly passing away
And would the one light of another day.

So he wrote, with his heart in the other
room,
And thought of the babe going out in the
To the shadowy land beyond the tomb.

It was hard to write with death so nigh,
But he ground out jokes as the hours went
by.
And closed each page with a brief-born
sigh.

It was hard to write, but the world must
laugh.
So he penned the rhyme and the paragraph,
And even a humorous epitaph!

His pen flew fast, and the hours went on
Till his night of toil was almost gone,
And the last showed the first faint streaks
of dawn.

Then he dropped his pen and raised his
head;
"Now the column is finished," the funny
man said,
And the nurse, coming in, said: "The baby is
dead."

A CROSS-EYED LOVER.

The Awful Mistake Made by Miss
Eugenia Philpot.

My great-grandfather always said he
could never trust or employ a cross-
eyed man, for the Lord had set His
mark on the fellow, and that was
enough for him. Now my great-grand-
father is dead—has been dead for some
years—and I don't like to contradict
his opinions, because he can't take his
turn at opposing mine; but I do think
he would have allowed that there are
exceptions to the rule. Surely Mr.
Augustus Holloway, the artist, was
such an exception, for a more modest,
kindly, sincere and generous person I
never knew, yet his eyes crossed in the
most aggressive and perplexing way
ever beheld; nor could any curious or
scientific observer fully describe the
relative position of those organs; for if
you undertook to stare at them, you
never knew that one eye was not sternly
glaring at you with rebuke; and, in-
deed, it generally was. Augustus did
not like to be inspected; deformities
naturally make their possessors sensi-
tive, and his had been a source much
trouble to him, for his eyes looked so
many ways that he was held account-
able for wandering glances that he
severest self.

Once, at an artist's reception, he was
collared and dragged into the ante-room
by a fiery and unamused young naval
officer, who considered that this meek
creature had stared at his betrothed
too persistently for endurance, while
really Mr. Holloway was intently
studying light and shade on a canvas
far to one side and above the shrill-
ing damsel's head, with a dimpled face
writing his annual report of this "in-
teresting occasion" for a daily news-
paper. It took several minutes and
the intervention of four agonized
friends to rescue Augustus from the
impending case of Lieutenant Black,
and make that gallant tar understand
the great obliquity of his victim's
vision; but, alas! no apologies could
heal the wounded spirit, for the trouble
was to be life-long, and who knew
how often he might provoke punish-
ment and how rarely escape from
the experience opened to him an
awful vista.

He could not be cured by surgery—
that had been tried in vain; and it was
equally vain for him to try to keep his
eyes on some inanimate thing when
there was danger of his offending, for
the eyes themselves were recalcitrant;
and even in church, if one regarded the
preacher, the other shot dark glances
among the pews.

He was upbraided by young lovers
for watching their shy billing and
cooing, when he was really eyeing
and talking to the disapproving down-
gayer opposite him to attract her atten-
tion away from the doves.

He narrowly escaped an experience
at the police court because, while he
was buying cognac at a druggist's,
"he cast one of them boyes of his'n
right into the safe I was a hopenin' for,"
"stead of mindin' his own business,"
as the near clerk testified in court when
that safe, the very next night, had been
opened and robbed. It was lucky for
Augustus that he had dealt with the
shop-man who sold him his 4711 Rue
de la Cloche farina for the last ten
years; and even the judge smiled when
that disgusted clerk rebuked the little
shopman's testimony with: "Oh
nonsense! that was Mr. Holloway, the
painter; he'd have been glad enough
to throw both of his eyes into the safe
if they'd come out straight; but he
wasn't even lookin' into it for he said
to me, when I gave him the cognac,
'What's that grand safe in the top jar?'
It's a lovey thing!"

Poor Augustus! to repeat his adventures
would take longer than the Arabian
Nights; and he was far more monotonous
for they all hinged on those un-
hinged eyes. But worst of all, he fell
one fine day, not in a ditch or chas-
m, but recklessly fell in love. There
were two Misses Philpot living in the
numerical street round the corner
from his studio. I do not dare not
give the real name of the street,
lost some fearfully voracious person
should directly set to work and prove
that there never was such a street
no house with that aspect and plan in
that street or house either. I am
willing to give it up on the Philpots,
and to own that I have supplied them
with a new name for this occasion only,
and that I should have said there were
three Misses Philpot—but I really forgot
the elder, who was a very good, elderly
woman, and did much charitable work
in connection with Dr. Sling's church,
but of no importance to us, though it
caused some trouble, hereinafter to
be expounded; to our hero, that there
should be a Miss Philpot, as well as
two Misses Eugenia Philpot, aunt and
niece.

Not that they were ever confused in
their own household, for the aunt was
always called Jenny—ignominious
travesty of a stately name, but still
having its own convenience. Eugenia
the niece was a girl of eighteen, and
really exquisitely lovely, with a com-
plexion of pink and snow rather
than roses and lilies, no trans-

parent was her fair skin and
so delicate the color that riantled be-
neath it; her hair, profuse, long, silky,
and just rippled enough to show its
brightness was a silvery flax-color,
barely touched with gold on the edges
of the forehead; her hair—hair that
really defied description, its tint and
texture were both so peculiar, and so
accentuated by the delicate dark eye-
brows and heavy dark lashes of the
most beautiful gold-hazel eyes ever set
in a girl's head.

Eugenia Philpot would have made a
great sensation in society had she en-
tered its charmed precincts, for nature
had given to her also a sweet child-
like face and a delicate grace of figure,
fact enough to make her pass muster
anywhere, not an oppressive amount
of brains, and such a kind honest little
heart!

"A perfect woman nobody planned!"
"To comfort," certainly, but warning
and commanding would never be her
forte. But although the Philpots were
that deadly respectable sort of people
"an old New York family," the branch
of Philpot to which they belonged had
outlived its nobility, if not its useful-
ness. It amounted to just so much to
them as a quality of descent, that
they owned the house they lived in,
which their grandfather had kept in
his own hands, but on the last re-
maining corner of the Philpot Manor.

Their father had just money enough to
live on decently, and some of this was
lost in his bad management; his two
daughters and his grand daughter now
starved gently on the remainder.

Perhaps more meat and milk would
have rendered Eugenia's less ethereal
and less bewitching; for it was she
could not exploit that wonderful beauty
in society, for the prosaic reason that
she could not afford the needful clothes.
She had a pretty taste in dress and de-
tailing, and that resource of every
modern heroine, a trunk in the garret,
was not altogether wanting. But, alas!
there was very little in that trunk avail-
able for her. These aunts had a pro-
clivity to it; and there was a dark
blue "Turkish" as our grandmothers
called it, left for the girl, there was
a white muslin of the same date, and
a pair of black feathers to adorn the
bonnet made out of one old hanging
sleeve. Now Miss Philpot privately
took fine sewing from a ladies' fur-
nishing store, and toned her clothes in
the lowest key of somberness that she
might have in a cheap dress, and a
pair of black feathers to adorn the
bonnet made out of one old hanging
sleeve. But when you are fifty years old, Seraphina,
and have a large Dutch nose,
thick pale lips, a sallow skin, and
prominent green-gray eyes, nobody
will not see what you wear if you are
aunt; and Miss Philpot, who inherited
the name of Augustus from that "old
New York family," was as near a saint
as no less manners permit.

Miss Jenny Philpot had a taste in
dress, too. She was "only" thirty-five,
and had a certain style and poise about
her, a still supple and elegant figure,
and an abundant length of flaxen
tresses that she pleased her own eye,
made her forget that her face was
as thin as a hatchet; her nose (a
truly aristocratic one, she imagined),
high, sharp and aggressive; her eyes
cold and pale; her lips a narrow red
line; and her chin long and obstinate,
not even by a dimple, for which she
could a dimple have found, depth
enough to lurk in those cheeks or
that lean and flabby countenance? But
Miss Jenny made the most of herself,
since she had long ago resolved that
her duty and destiny was to marry; not
perhaps to marry well (that was her
niece's role), but to marry somebody
who could support her in comfort—a
modest wish, but so far ungratified.

Now Eugenia, who had a middle ini-
tial that meant nothing, but was merely
a letter put in so that her clothes should
not be marked or her correspondence
crossed with her aunt's name, had a
good deal of taste in drawing, and loved
pictures; she would have liked to be
educated in that direction, but could
not afford a master, and her aunts
shuddered at the thought of sending
their only and orphaned niece to the
Cooper Institute, where none of the
old New York families ever sent their
sons. So they consoled her by the
promise of a ticket to the Academy's
annual exhibition; and it was in those
rooms, clad in that very gentleman blue
costume, that Augustus Holloway first
beheld the lovely creature, who struck
him with a chord at first sight.

He followed her about in a daze at
her incessantly, but she did not know
it; she observed his peculiar aspect,
but thought he was admiring the pic-
tures, too, and in her gentle heart she
pined the poor man who looked so
readily, and thought of him more.
But Augustus never thought of any-
body else but Eugenia. His soul
was bent on one object the other
after, and by some of the artful de-
vices known to the stronger sex when
they fall captive to the tender passion
—devices which, of course, were never
understand—he managed in the course
of six or eight weeks to discover Eug-
enia's name, her residence, the particu-
lars of her family, and at last, through
the good offices of a heavy but un-
peopled old gentleman who was
Miss Jenny's godfather in his boyhood
days, and still kept up a friendly in-
terest in his old friend's daughters
(though he could not help them being
scarcely able to help himself), Augustus
obtained an introduction to Jenny,
and began to haunt the premises after
the fashion of ardent lovers.

Shy with the new passion, he be-
haved himself with such respect and
discretion that Miss Jenny's heart be-
gan to flutter with delight. Here now
was her opportunity at last; here was
a respectable gentleman, an artist,
moreover, and as old Mr. Van Voorst
had secured her, possessed of a nice
little property aside from the French
say, of a mildly coquettish nature, to
set off the old black silk she had
sponged and turned, after the counsel
of the old Yorkshire dame to her
tailor concerning the remodeling of her
dress. "Thoo mun bin' me't, and
thoo mun bin' me't, and thoo mun bin'
it ranged aloof, lapped bottom, inside
out."

But the black silk came up nobly to
her re-visions, and sitting closely to
her still elegant figure, and garnished
abundantly with some well-drawn
black lace, altogether gave her a
chic aspect, that might well have
touched Augustus Holloway's heart,
had it not been already enslaved totally
by Eugenia.

That lovely young creature had not
the least idea of her conquest, however;
it is true, she was generally in the room
when Mr. Holloway came to call,
always retiring, sooner or later, be-
cause Aunt Jenny's extreme propriety
forbade her to receive a gentleman
alone, and Miss Philpot was never at
home in the evening; she went to three
church services on Sundays, Wednes-
days and Fridays, and the other four
days of the week in some of the
leading schools or night classes con-
ducted by Dr. Sling's church. Augustus
Holloway met her more than once
sallying out alone, protected by her
black poke bonnet, her long shabby
cloak and her countenance from any
possibility of being recognized, she
threw back her head, and looked at
him, and then, as if she were a school-
girl, she would blush, and then, as if
she were a school-girl, she would blush,
but he supposed her to be some seam-
stress; or other; it never entered his
head that Aunt Jenny was not Miss
Philpot.

Poor Aunt Jenny! she was trying so
hard to reconvert Augustus's passion,
and such things happened to make the
way hard!

"Isn't he funny-looking, Aunt Jen-
ny?" had been Eugenia's first comment
on their new acquaintance. Her aunt
took a high moral stand with the girl
at once.

"My dear, don't say such a thing.
It is very unfortunate for the poor
man, but he was made so, and you
should pity, not smile at him."

Eugenia meekly assented, and
thought how sweet an old dear Aunt
Jenny was, and how much she loved her,
better known to her, it seemed to
the girl that her face grew more dear-
ly, the rolling of those dark eyes in their
eccentric orbits had a sort of fascina-
tion that drew her gaze; she could not
help it; she became capable even of
silly conversation, and such things took
place between him and her aunt by guess-
work what he might be looking at.
Aunt Jenny had no earthly doubt that his
eyes were fixed upon her, with that
oblique tenderness; but to Eugenia
he seemed to be inspecting and criti-
cizing the minutiae of the rather dingy
parlor, its very old red flock pa-
per, carved and fair-wood-seated ma-
hogany furniture, and venerable pic-
tures with its tarnished and elaborate
gold frame.

But all the while those uncertain
eyes were really devouring the girl,
loveliness opposite him, or her painted
countenance; for the sole adornment
of the room was a full-length portrait
of Eugenia's mother in her bridal dress
of glittering white satin—a picture by
one of the best artists of her time, and
of the date of Augustus's birth. Hollo-
way supposed it was Eugenia's portrait.

He was mightily flattered by that
young lady's persistent attention; that
blossomed (if temporary) forgetfulness
of her own deformities and shortcomings
which nature bestows on us as a sort of
naturalistic help. He was, however, he
did not pause to remember that he was
ugly enough to draw the attention of a
crowd; he only hoped, not without
trembling, that he had found favor in
the sight of his goddess, and it was a
real task in the sun-rays to him
when he found those lovely eyes fixed
upon him hour after hour.

Once, while she was silently specu-
lating upon the possibilities of his
walking straight in a field of wood
where the pavement would not guide
his feet, Aunt Jenny said, in her sharp-
est voice:
"Eugenia, don't you hear Mr. Hollo-
way speak to you?"

The girl started, and colored freshly,
like a rose when the sudden wind
shakes off the dew of dawn. She had
heard his voice, to be sure, but he cer-
tainly was eying the wall on one hand
or the door on the other, and she was
the apologetic and answered, and the
enraptured Augustus dreamed of that
blush, that smile, that little voice
all night, quite oblivious of the de-
light in which Aunt Jenny had said:
"She is a dawning child, dear Mr.
Holloway; watch her well, for I have
seen her like this before."

Day by day Mr. Holloway nursed this
passion, till at last he grew desperate.
It was spring by this time; the florist's
shops were full of soft color and deli-
cate perfume in heaps of tea-rosebuds
and bunches of fragrant violets, for
spring was the time when the flowers
no limits, but his heart was weary
the world over, and defies back and
more to exclude her reign; and in the
spring, we all know, on the authority
of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, whether a
young man's fancies turn, even if
they have turned thither in winter,
to the spring, and the young man's
Bunches of blossoms not bouquets,
but real careless glowing handfuls
on their own long stems, were daily
left at the dingy little room, and
offered nuzzle in that stuffy faded
parlor, putting the dull flock paper
out of all countenance, and the slip-
pery hair-cloth, the sombre mahogany,
the thread-bare carpet, until
Aunt Jenny preened her own dusky
plumage, and emerged from that black
silk into cheap but dainty cambrs,
and the last relic of her grand-
mother's silver gray silk, that illus-
trated with some old thread lace,
bloomed anew, and made the wearer,
with the faint flush of gratified van-
ity on her thin features, and the
wilder trimping and curling of her
silly locks, look much like one of the
gray and fawn pigeons ambling
about on the roofs of churches.

But, Eugenia, it she had been lovely in
her one costume of blue, how angelic
was she now in her fresh spring
garments! always with a rose-bud or a
knot of violets at her throat, for
"another" had stepped into Mr. Hollo-
way's and beautiful in his eyes, even
he dared not adventure so far as his
favored sister, he could and did
follow Eugenia on the street corners,
walk to the horse-car with her, and
send her flowers, which Aunt Jenny
would not appropriate, since they
were but the tiny insignificant gifts
of an impassioned young fellow, con-
veyed through the boy who came daily
to feed the furnace and clean the
shoes of these otherwise independent
women.

What did Augustus Holloway know
about clothes? It did not enter into
his head that the cent-cold could in-
vest his goddess with such charm and
purity, or that the blooms which gave
her white and black, or pale lilac, or
soft blue gowns their last touch of
grace did not come from its own off-
spring; he only knew that she grew more
lovely and beautiful in his eyes, even
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required skillful and patient medical
treatment to free him from this im-
pediment of speech. He was freed, how-
ever; only a certain deliberation was
noticeable in his manner, except in
moments of strong feeling, or excite-
ment, when he spouted and sent out
inarticulate moans very unpleasant
and quite unintelligible, so he resolved
to make his proposal to Eugenia by
letter.

How delighted Aunt Jenny was
when a manly masculine epistle
was taken with the greatest elegance
brought to her, those only knew who
had been placed in her expect-
ant position.

Yes, there was "Miss Eugenia Phil-
pot." In the many script she felt sure
was clear, and fluttering, yet joyful, she
opened the envelope, and perused its
contents with a burst of happy tears.
She drew a veil over those virgin
emotions, more sweet than late; the re-
sult is all we have to do with, and
that was a truly elegant note dispatched
at once to Mr. Augustus Holloway,
at the Street Studio, No. 10, and
containing, in full, spider-chrysa-
ters, the delicate intimation that Miss
Eugenia Philpot would be happy to see
him that afternoon at her residence in
Blank Street.

The enraptured lover seemed to him-
self like one who walks the air, when,
dressed with the greatest elegance, he
can achieve in his limited possibilities,
he set out for the dwelling of his
adored one. He was rather discom-
fited to find only Aunt Jenny, blushing
as well as she could, casting down her
eyes, furtively and hysterically titter-
ing behind her handkerchief, and ex-
tending her hand to him with coy
demonstration of welcome. Still, it
was proper enough; she was Eugenia's
guardian, and no doubt ought to in-
terview him first. He submissively
recognized the use and wont of the
possibility of being recognized, she
threw back her head, and looked at
him, and then, as if she were a school-
girl, she would blush, and then, as if
she were a school-girl, she would blush,
but he supposed her to be some seam-
stress; or other; it never entered his
head that Aunt Jenny was not Miss
Philpot.

"Dear madam, I-I-I am here, as
you will know, to see you for the
hand and heart of the lovely creature
before me!"—glaring with all his might
at the picture of Eugenia's mother, but
appearing to look at Aunt Jenny, with
a look of rapture, and so occupied,
poor Aunt Jenny! She blushed
rose, and so did Augustus. He thought
she was about to open the door and
introduce Eugenia; she thought he in-
tended to fall at her feet like lovers in
novels. He advanced; so did she, in-
stinct on peering him up from his shoes.
But seeing his arms expanded—really
was a bandishing them toward the
door—she thought it prudent and an
invitation, and, to his astonishment,
fell upon his neck with a loud sniff of
joy.

"Oh!" said Augustus, dropping his
arms by his sides, still thinking he was
a gust of maternal feeling. "Wh-wh-
where is Eugenia? Wh-wh-where is
my angel?"

Miss Jenny recoiled as one stung by
a snake. She tottered backward, in-
tending to fall into her chair and face
the horrible situation, but her hand
touched the chair, and she fell, and the
antique chair had the most lively and
rapid casters that were ever affixed to
chair legs. Her hoop, small though it
was, hit the edge of the seat as she re-
troated, and with that slight impetus
the chair spun half a yard backward,
and it was a elegant, heart-broken man
lying heavily and unexpectedly down
—on the floor.

"Wh-wh-where is my Eugenia?"
went on the excited Holloway; and, as
if to answer the question, the door
opened and Eugenia—yes, Eugenia—
with a handsome young fellow behind
her, entered upon the scene. The tal-
lness was too much for them; the an-
gel giggled aloud, the young man
echoed her amusement from under his
silly dark mustache. Augustus seemed
to survey even the cobwebs on the cor-
nices, as well as all the tarnished gilt
furniture, the flock paper, so com-
pletely d-d his eyes roll. Miss Jenny gave
a hysterical shriek—the truth dawned
upon her. Eugenia had chosen her
own lover, and his eyes were dark,
straight of vision, keen and merry.
Augustus was heart-broken; and she,
well-broken heart, broke down, and
Eugenia Philpot, commonly called
Aunt Jenny, had made an irre-
versible, an awful mistake.

Of which the moral is, according to
my deceased great-grandfather: Avoid
men with cross-eyes. According to me:
every aspect to have your own eyes
you have lovely niece beside you, or
you may miserably repeat poor Miss
Philpot's awful mistake.—Rose Terry
Cooke, in Harper's Bazar.

THE FARM.

The Drudgery of Farm, Not Equal to That
of City Life.

As to drudgery—whatever has been
the case in the past, when stumps were
to be pulled and mortgages were to be
lifted from almost every field; when it
was a long way to market, and the
buyer paid for produce in "trade,"
when almost all instruments were la-
boriously hewn out at home or clumsi-
ly hammered out by the village black-
smith—there is, happily, less drudgery
on the farm now, and less need of it
every year. Taking the year through,
the working hours of a man on a farm
are no longer than those of the section
hand on the railway, or the artisan in
the shop who had his own garden to
hoop before breakfast and after supper.

The busy lawyer and the doctor in
average practice would have to select
from roots and herbs possessing great medicinal
properties, when combined forms a most pow-
erful, efficient, and pleasant medicine for the re-
moval and permanent cure of all diseases arising
from an impure state of system, viz: Chills,
Rheumatism, Scrofula or Kings' evil, Scald-
head or Tetter, Chronic Sore Eyes,
Old or Chronic Sores of all kinds, Bells, Pimples, Syphilis,
Rheumatism, Primary and Secondary Syphilis, Nervous
Debility, Liver Complaint, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Blas-
ter, removes and invigorates the system; acts gently on the
bowels. As an appetizer and for general debility, it is a most
excellent remedy.

WAR HAS BEGUN

BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA,

—AND—

Jno. T. Wright,

—THE—

MAIN STREET CLOTHIER!

—HAS REMOVED HIS—

MAMMOTH STOCK

—OF—

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,